The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Be Glad!

Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad for rain.
Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again;
The clouds are very dark, 'tis true,
But just behind them smiles the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart;
Be glad for pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain;
God watches, and will send the sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

Longing.

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.
Still through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real.
To let the new life in we know
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.
Oh! let us hope that to our praise,
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons,—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

J. R. LOWELL.

The Revolt in the Church of England.

A SERMON BY THE REV. JOSEPH WOOD.

GAL. IV., 9-11.—"But now that ye have come to know God . . . how turn ye back again to the weak and beggarly rudiments, whereunto ye desire to be in bondage over again? Ye observe days, and months, and seasons, and years. I am afraid of you, lest by any means I have bestowed labour upon you in vain."

As you know, I am not in the habit of discussing my neighbours' ecclesiastical affairs in this place. On the whole I prefer to mind my own business. It is better to set forth the things and truths one stands by than to be criticising others. If there were domestic trouble in the Wesleyan Conference, or a strife of policy in the Congregational Union, while I might be an interested spectator of the conflict, I should not think it my duty to bear a hand on either side, or to trouble you with the points in dispute. We have our own controversies about which we should naturally resent the intrusion of outsiders, however well meaning. But we are on a different footing with the Church of England. We are all members of that great institution, because we are all members of a greater institution, the State. Its concerns are our concerns. We are not spectators sitting in a gallery, watching with amused interest the strife on the stage. We ourselves are actors, and must be, in the unfolding. The Church of

England is a department of the State, and as much our affair as the Civil Service, the Army, or the Navy. We all have our share in it, and cannot escape responsibility for its sins so long as it is the official religious organ of the State. Therefore it needs no apology that we should discuss the affairs of a great concern in which we are all partners. The Church of England is just now in the throes of one of its periodical crises. Possibly the combatants on either side are forgetting that crises have a habit of coming and going, and finally leaving things much as they were. Some of us can remember other occasions when the Church of England was, in the opinion of many, doomed to destruction. We think of names which represented, as we were told, the downfall of faith. Newman and Pusey, the Gorham judgment; Colenso—Essays and Reviews—these names stood for earthquakes and volcanic fires that threatened red ruin to the Church. But the Church went on much as before, and we shall do well to take the present excitement—its war of words, vestments, and parties—with just a grain of salt. Hopes and fears it may be are alike exaggerated.

In the Church of England, two parties with different theories of the Church, different theories of worship, and in some respects different sets of dogmas, are face to face with each other in deadly opposition. On the one hand there is the Protestant party, with its pride in the Reformation, its hatred of priestcraft, its sense of personal responsibility, its denial of Church authority, its appeal to the Bible as the only ground of faith and practice. On the other hand there is the Catholic party, as they call themselves, with its claims to priestly powers by which miracles are wrought—a miracle at Baptism and a miracle at the Lord's Supper—with its doctrine of an Altar and a Sacrifice, its appeal to the authority of tradition, its scorn of the Reformation and of that "diabolical Protestantism" (to use the language of some of its foremost members), its revival of archaic and obsolete ritual, its advocacy of Confession, its subordination of personal responsibility to the authority and dicta of the Church. It would seem that oil and water would sooner mix than these two factions. The only thing that unites them is the State connection. In their moderate, as in their extreme, manifestations they are on many points poles asunder. It is true that fundamentally and on most theological matters they are really agreed. Some years ago an article appeared in one of the leading Reviews shewing that Romanism, Anglicanism, and Evangelicalism are substantially identical. They hold a great body of dogmas in common: the Fall of Man, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the infallibility of the Bishops, the Atonement, the Diety of Jesus, and so forth. Yet with this agreement, their differences on the powers of the Church, on the office of the priesthood, on the place of Sacraments is so deep and profound, that reconciliation would seem impossible. If it were only a question of more or less elaborate vestments, gorgeous attire, embroidery, stoles, lace, copes and chasubles, wherewith to adorn the persons of the clergy; or if it were only a dispute as to the amount of ritual to be allowed in public worship, bowings, incense, and Altar lights, it might not give us any great concern. We might think that the love of "millinery" tended to emasculate the clergy, and turn them from manly men into female men; and that the increase of ceremonial was just a phase of a rather petty æstheticism. But, as everyone knows, the thing goes far deeper than rainbow-coloured raiment, or "sweet" things in Altar candlesticks. It goes down to fundamental conceptions of God, worship, and life. These outward things have some vigorous doctrines at the bottom of them. We are informed that the inner significance of these rainbow-attired priests,—and Solomon in all his glory was not like one of these,—that the symbolism of cope and chasuble, of incense and candles, of ritual and vestment, is to testify of the honour to be paid to the Sacrifice on the Altar, and that in accepting them the Catholic party are teaching and enforcing in dumb show the doctrine of the Real Presence. There are sacerdotalists who tell us frankly that vestments and ritual may go, provided that which they signify is left—*e g.*, a priest with supernatural powers; an altar with bread and wine changed by a miracle into the body and blood of Christ, the Confessional, the authority of the Church, and so forth.

You are all aware how these things have lately been pushed to the front. The boldness and aggressiveness of the Catholic party, their

growing power in the Church, the carelessness and indifference of the Bishops, the attempt to make Confession the condition of Communion, the repudiation of the Protestant name, the effort to turn the Communion Service into an exact copy of the Romish Mass, these and other things have resulted in rousing the fury of the Protestants to fever heat. Mr. Kensit and his brigade interrupt Romish services, and "furiously rage together" at the mention of copes, candles and incense. Sir William Harcourt thunders and volleys in the *Times* at the glaring endeavour to Romanise John Bull. Bishops, utterly powerless to stay the storm, counsel moderation, and, like Lord Frankland, "ingeminate peace" where there is no peace: they have met in conclave and agreed upon two points—wonderful agreement!—that the "Ceremonial use of incense" and the "Reservation of the sacrament" must be put down. It reminds one of John Bright's famous story of the country quack who sold pills that were good for the earthquake! But even if the pills were effective, the question is—how are the Bishops going to make the clergy take them?

At a meeting held in London immediately after the Bishops' pronouncement, two hundred of the Ritualistic Clergy announced their intention to continue the condemned practices, whatever the Bishops may say. The fact is the Bishops are powerless. Their mild and cautious rebuking of men they themselves have advanced in the Church, to whom they have given livings, and canonries, and honours, is of no more avail than Mrs. Partington's attempt to keep out the Atlantic with a broom. Besides, many of the Bishops are in the same boat. How can the Bishop of London take action against the ceremonial use of incense when only three months ago he allowed himself to be incensed at a High Church function? As to the laity they are even more powerless than the Bishops. Once they could assert themselves under the Public Worship Regulation Act, but since the Bishops were given a veto on all legal proceedings, the laity have been like dumb driven cattle. Yet, granting proceedings could be taken by the laity, or were likely to be taken by the Bishops, public opinion would never sanction the imprisonment of recalcitrant vicars and curates. It savours too much of the old persecuting days. Meanwhile the Catholics press on their crusade in favour of the Mass and the Confessional, determined to spare no effort, and no sacrifice, if they may de-Protestantise the Church to which they belong.

Now in this matter our sympathies and convictions are naturally with the Protestants as against the Catholics. From our point of view this revival of priestcraft, of sacerdotalism, of dogmatic pretension, of degrading superstition, is a matter of infinite regret, and should also be an incentive to go on with our own mission of liberating the thought and faith of the Church with redoubled energy. In my judgment it is impossible to estimate too highly the danger to manliness, simplicity, and spiritual life, to the progress of thought and of reasonable religion in this wild recrudescence of priestly claims and sacerdotal teaching. Much of it I hold to be as great a blasphemy against God as the maddest ravings of an ignorant Atheist. I hold in my hand a little book called "The Catholic Religion—a Manual of Instruction." It is drawn up by a clergyman of the Church of England, and edited by Canon Carter, of Clewer, and Christ Church, Oxford. It is intended for the guidance of members of the Anglican Church, and is by no means of the extreme nature of some of the manuals put forth by this party. It would in fact be called moderate in tone and teaching. Now listen to this. It is an extract from an article on the Blessed Virgin Mary, in which the miraculous conception is dealt with at length and in detail. God was to become incarnate in the flesh for the salvation of men. The Father was willing, the Son was willing, and the question remained whether the Virgin would be willing that God should be born of her!

> "It was a tremendous crisis in the history of the world. A crisis in which the salvation of mankind, for a time at least, lay trembling in the balance. Would God be suffered to become incarnate for us men and for our salvation, or would His merciful design, for a season at least, be thwarted?
>
> The decision lay with Mary, and we may well thank God that it was the right decision."

Now to say that the salvation of the world lay trembling in the balance while a poor weak ignorant peasant woman made up her mind whether she would allow God to be born of her, is to me nothing but horrible blasphemy—a

libel on God—a caricature of his relations with men. But as an English citizen I am responsible with all other Englishmen for giving the sanction of the nation to such gross and superstitious teaching. I should war against it taught by anybody, but it is one thing taught by the Roman Church in this country, and quite another when taught by a Church supported by State funds and under State control. The Roman Church, like the Wesleyan Church, is free to teach what it pleases, because it is independent of the State. But the Church of England is not so free. It is bound by its charter, by its articles, by its creeds, by its agreement with the State. You and I have a complicity in this matter. This is our business as much as Mr. Kensit's, or the Archbishop of Canterbury's. The nation as a whole is responsible for the Church, and every man among us has his measure of responsibility for these things.

Or take the question of the Confessional. You and I have no sympathy with the vulgar diatribes of many excited Protestants on this subject. I do not question the purity of intention on the part of men who advocate the Confessional. Much that is written against the Confessional is a mere appeal to ignorance and prejudice. Yet we strongly oppose the Confessional because we believe it weakens the sense of personal responsibility, and of the personal relation of each soul to its Almighty Creator. Here lies the great fundamental difference between the Romanist and Protestant—a difference of which all outward varieties and forms are but the expression and manifestation. To the Roman Catholic the church is the primary idea, and each individual soul, so far as it has any religious life, enjoys it as a member of the Church. A man is admitted at baptism into that only fold of safety, and the priest keeps the keys which must open to him the world of future joy or future agony. His moral responsibilities, nay, his very will and choice of good or evil, he can throw on his ecclesiastical superior. In confession and by confession the priest becomes his spiritual director. He is more meritorious and saintly the more implicitly he yields himself to such direction. But to the Protestant, religion begins not in the Church but in the individual. The sense of personal responsibility with him is paramount. He feels himself to be in personal relationship with God, to live a life with God apart from all human intervention. The practical result of all this difference of starting point is obvious. To the Protestant the idea of obtaining the Church's decision on his moral difficulties and a priest's absolution for his sins is entirely foreign and incongruous. His inner life is to him a sacred thing, so sacred that he can lay it bare to his Maker alone, while he shrinks in pain and disgust from revealing it to any human being. The notion of talking for hours together about his sins, secret and open, about his thoughts and opinions, his short-comings, broken resolutions, moral failings, is not merely (as priests always say) the mortification of his pride: it is a desecration of his best feelings, an offence to his spiritual modesty, and a weakening of his sense of individual responsibility. The graver evils of the Confessional, as we have heard of them in Spain and Italy, we may not fear in England, but the more spiritual harm, the injury to the sanctities of the inner life, are inseparable from the thing itself, be it practised by men never so purely intentioned. To rifle the sanctuary of the soul of all its secrets, to probe and probe and probe into the recesses of shame and remorse is to lead to a loss of manliness, simplicity, and power.

The effort to Catholicise the Church of England is the effort to set up the authority of a corporate society against the individual conscience; to claim for the Church that it is the channel of a divine grace not to be found elsewhere; that it is the Home of Truth, and speaks with the authority and the voice of God; that it is the only ark of safety for the human soul; that it and it alone possesses the secrets of the Almighty, and the possibilities of saintliness, and that it is an outward and visible organisation, to be outside of which is to be outside of God's appointed means of spiritual light and favour.

On the contrary, we do not believe that any Church, nor all the Churches put together and rolled into one, has any exclusive right to speak the ultimate word for God on any subject in heaven or earth. We do not believe that the Church, Anglican, Roman, Presbyterian, has any special peculiar exclusive information on any nameable subject that is not open to intelligent, reverent men outside the Church. We do not

believe that the temple has any private staircase by which its priests can climb into the presence of the All-Wise, listen to the counsels of God, and report them to men. We do not believe that the welfare of a child in this world, or its salvation in another, depends on any priest touching its forehead with a drop of water and repeating a magical formula. Men die with no priest at their bedside, and have no fear that God will treat them differently on that account. If we look for saints we find them in Quaker households as readily as in Catholic. If we look for character, honour, gentleness, goodness, sacrifice, love, we see at once that no one Church has any monopoly of these glorious and beautiful things. The Unitarian Channing may compare with the Anglican Bishop Wilson, and the Presbyterian Baxter with the Roman St. Francis. No priesthood has power to bless or ban the soul, to open or shut the gates of destiny. All these ideas have passed away from among free and intelligent men. To bring them back would seem impossible. Yet they are being brought back under the authority of the National Church, and the responsibility is ours.

What then is the remedy? A new Act of Uniformity? Not so. We have had enough Acts of Uniformity. Not by the arm of the law would we seek to enforce points of doctrine and ritual. The time has gone by for fine and imprisonment, for pains and penalties. We sympathise with the cry of the High Churchmen for freedom, for the Church's freedom to declare its own doctrine and regulate its own affairs. But we point out that the freedom desired is impossible along the line of State patronage and State control. So long as the Church owes its income, its buildings, its palaces, its social and political prerogatives to the State it cannot be free to go its own way in the matter of doctrine and ritual. Moreover, you and I can only escape responsibility for all this pernicious teaching in the same way—by severing the connection between Church and State. There is one way open, and one only, which will bring relief to all parties, and that is Disestablishment. High Churchmen are beginning to see this as well as Nonconformists. A remarkable article, by Mr. G. E. Russell, an advanced Catholic layman, in this month's *Nineteenth Century*, puts the alternative fairly and squarely, and declares Disestablishment to be the only road of freedom. Disestablishment would relieve us of all these scandals. My conscience is not offended that priestcraft should prevail and sacerdotalism be advocated in the Roman Church, since I am in no way responsible. I will fight these things with argument, with reason, with common sense, and will abide the issue. But my conscience is offended when these things are proclaimed by the Church of England, because in her case I have my share of responsibility. The State ought not to have cast upon it the troublesome and important duty of interference with religion. I for one am not going to help Low Churchmen cast out High Churchmen that they may keep the favour of the State to themselves. I am not going to fasten the yoke of legal disability on men whose creed I believe to be erroneous and hurtful. Neither am I going to be responsible for teaching it and spreading it. There is one course open, and one only, that the Church should stand free from the State, relieving at once the State from responsibility and the Church from irksome control.

Henry Morley.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT NEWPORT, I.W.,

BY CLEMENT EDWARDS PIKE.

"All through his plays we learn the spiritual rule of three, by which alone the problems of life can be solved:—Love God: love your neighbour: do your work."—Introduction to the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," by Professor Henry Morley."

"Love God: love your neighbour: do your work,"—was the teaching which Henry Morley found in the plays of Shakespeare, and it may well serve as a text for this meditation upon his life. The life of a good man is the best of sermons. The preacher can do nothing better than point to such lives, and bid his fellow men "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the wholesome doctrine which they contain. And a life which was partly lived in our own

neighbourhood; the life of one whose mortal frame sleeps nigh at hand, appeals all the more persuasively, and with a deepened earnestness to those who daily tread the streets and lanes he trod awhile ago.

But a few years have passed since he of whom I speak was in your midst. Most of you knew him, either by sight alone, or more intimately. He was an active, beneficent force in all this neighbourhood. And, now, that a record of his life, written by his son-in-law, Rev. Henry Shaw Solly, has appeared, it is fitting that in this church, of which he was an honoured member, some recognition of the fact should be made.

The influence of Henry Morley is for us a precious heritage. The impression he made is a lasting one. Though never having had the advantage of knowing Henry Morley, as some of you have known him, I have yet felt his influence. To me he has been an interpreter of English literature. Like the "Interpreter" in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," he seems to say to all his readers—"Come in, I will show thee that which will be profitable to thee." His conception of English literature was a lofty and noble one, the picture which the "Interpreter" in the immortal allegory shows to "Christian" might fitly personify it. "It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was upon its lips, the world was behind his back, it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head."

In a letter to Mr. Fox Bourne, written in 1881, he says:—"The chief use, to my mind, of a study of English literature is to sustain the spiritual side of life, and it has been, at any rate, my chief aim so to teach it as to bring it into use as a natural corrective to the materialistic tendencies of the age, as an embodiment of the religious life of England in every shape, and narrowed to the measure of no shibboleth, while giving honour to each form of earnest thought." (Life, p. 330).

That is how he regarded English literature. According to him it was not for the dilettante, nor for the drawing-room alone; it was to nourish the deepest, holiest, strongest life of the English folk. "It had eyes lifted up to heaven," but—"it stood as if it pleaded with men." It was ever teaching those great lessons —"Love God: love your neighbour: do your work."

What Henry Morley attempted to do for the literature of his country was to become its interpreter. Consider some of the work he did in this capacity. Reversing the order of the motto, let us inquire first what work he did and how he did it; then I will venture to speak of the love he bore to his neighbour and to his God. Like many another man he did not find the chief work of his life until other tasks had been undertaken. Trained for the medical profession, he abandoned it after some years of practice when he had arrived at the age of twenty-six. Then he began in a tentative way what was to be his life work; but now absorbing occupations left him little time for it. Sanitary science, almost a new subject in the forties, claimed much of his energy, and during this time and for many years afterwards his ambition was to be a poet: to make literature rather than to interpret it. Journalism then, with its numberless varied calls, absorbed his marvellous energy. All this was doubtless a valuable preparation for his life work, but he did not make a serious beginning until in the winter of the year 1857, when he had completed his thirty-fifth year, he undertook to lecture on English literature at one of the evening classes organised in connection with King's College, London, for the benefit of those who were employed during the day.

The work thus begun continued to spread, and, conducted in various forms, to take the chief place in his life. We might classify it under four heads—Teaching, Lecturing, Writing, Editing.

The teaching which he began at Manchester and Liscard was renewed at King's College, and subsequently at University College. I make a distinction between this and lecturing, because though conveyed for the most part through lectures it meant a personal contact with his hearers, which in the more popular lecture was impossible. A delightful renewal of this personal teaching was, as some of you know well, made when he came to reside in Carisbrooke. Then in his own home, in the large library surrounded by the books which he had accumulated after so many years of study, he talked delightfully of the subject he knew so

well. These familiar friendly talks to his neighbours were a fit conclusion to this part of his work. Then there were the more popular lectures which at one time he gave with too prodigal an abundance: his good nature making it almost impossible to resist urgent solicitations for a lecture. And while this teaching and lecturing was going on, his pen was ever busy. In 1873 his most popular work, the "First Sketch of English Literature," was published. Some eight years later appeared his "English Literature in the Age of Queen Victoria." But long before this, in 1864, had appeared the first volume of what he regarded as the chief work of his life, the "English Writers." It was superseded by a re-issue in 1887. Much interrupted by his busy London life, it was hoped he would be able to conclude it in the retirement of Carisbrooke, but this was not to be, and it remains unfinished.

These works but imperfectly represent Henry Morley's prodigious labour for English literature. He did more as an Editor than as a writer or lecturer. To him more than to any man is due those wonderful reprints of English Classics which have done so much to popularise good literature. His "Library of English Literature" began in 1875, and a re-issue was published in 1883. "Morley's Universal Library" was another series, and after having run to sixty-three volumes it was succeeded in 1888 by "The Carisbrooke Library." Cheaper than any of these, and thus attaining a larger circulation, was "Cassell's National Library," which he edited, and "Routledge's Companion Poets" must not be forgotten.

The mass of work which all this means is simply amazing, when it is remembered that every volume, beside a carefully revised text, contained an introduction, and in many instances a brief life of the Author.

This then, put in brief compass, is the work which Henry Morley did in the interpretation of English Literature.

In mere mass and range this result is unique. How he did the work with what cheerful, kindly zeal, and with what high souled earnestness, you know full well.

In the doing of his work he showed his love to his neighbour, and in other ways as well. To the obscure, the friendless, the wounded in life's battle his heart went out in sympathy.

Very early in his career he was said to be "too trustful of good in others." If that was a fault it was one that he never grew out of. Even the trickery of the man who loaded him with debt, and made the years of his early manhood an arduous struggle to get rid of the incumbrance, did not weaken his sublime faith in human nature. To use his own expression, "He found that the world was composed mainly of good fellows.

"He writes, "I'll think well on the slightest hint so far as the hint will go; but to every man I'll give the help—and it is a great help moral and social—of a good opinion till I have proof that it is unmerited." That is how he felt toward his neighbour, and the feeling prompted every action. It made him thoughtful in little things. I like that incident narrated in the Life by Mr. Solly, where he is busily writing an article on Landor while the printer's boy waits for copy. The day is cold so he fetches the lad in that he may warm himself at the fire, and writes on with him at his elbow. A little thing, but would many busy, overwrought literary men, absorbed in a subject, writing against time, think that the printer's "devil" waiting for copy must be cold, and ask him in to the warm fireside? Let us hope that many would, but no man will be the worse for such an example of thoughtful kindliness.

I will not multiply instances of such acts, nor dwell on the constant testimony of friends to his neighbourly kindness. You, who were neighbours of his, know how he loved his neighbour.

And I trust we all know how nearly connected that love is with the love of God. After repeating the first Commandment, Jesus said, "And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And this man who loved his neighbour loved God. In a quiet unostentatious way he was a deeply religious man. God was in all his thoughts. He could say, "But every fresh glimpse of the beauty of the world should give us a thought of the loving kindness of its Maker that sometimes sends our hearts up to Him with a conscious emotion of love and worship. . . . God can be thanked in some one minute of a happy hour even while we are in the midst of talk and laughter."

It is naturally a gratification to our religious community to think that Professor Morley belonged to it from conviction, and that during his residence in the neighbourhood he worshipped in this building. At the same time the narrow sectarian spirit, whether it be labelled Unitarian or Trinitarian, was abhorrent to him, and the only name he would willingly take was that of Christian. A sincere follower of Jesus, he loved to remember him, and that memory helped him in his great sorrow, and was with him to the end, which came on Whit Monday, 1894. In charity with all he passed to the home above. And as he loved God, loved his neighbour, and did his work.

"Love it and leave it alone."

In the well-known case of Peter Bell—

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Peter Bell's son sees that the primrose is pretty, and he gathers it for his button-hole. Peter Bell's grandson and his mates dig up every flowering root they can find for sale at the nearest market. In their time—which is ours—English woods and fields and lanes are fast being despoiled of their wealth of pale yellow stars. Here and there, and here, not long ago, the beauteous heaven-gifts gleamed every spring-time among the brambles and the uncurling ferns. Now, alas! not a primrose is left to gladden the eyes and heart of the wayfarer.

We almost long for stupid Peter Bell the First to come back—heedless, and therefore harmless. He who has no love has no longing: he who does not see the chance of twopence in a little close bunch of chin-tied flowers will let them bloom in peace.

But the world cannot go back any more than the shadow on the dial. What we have to do is to help it forward, not to ask for less love, but for more and better—love that will foster instead of destroying. We must educate our Peter to "love it and leave it alone;" we must teach our children that a few bluebells out of the sapphire woods give as much pleasure as armfuls; we must teach them to tread with care over Nature's marvellous carpet, not—beast-like—to bruise and injure; we must help them to "consider the lilies, *how they grow*." Not by a return to the ignoring blindness of the half-made man, but by the growth of the poet-spirit, the Jesus-spirit, can that be made right which is so grievously wrong. That would give beauty for ashes, and make it possible for Paradise, with its sights and sounds of blessing, to creep again to the borders of our cities.

"Canst thou name all the birds without a gun?
Love the wild rose, and leave it on its stem?"

—know the birds by watching, with the eyes of wonder and of love, their ways in the wilderness, and not merely by a little murdered heap in a shop? Peter Bell, grubbing up primrose roots—ragged and short of pence—is less of a barbarian than the rich woman who, for the sake of "a match" or a "contrast" to her costume, encourages the slaughter of the tiny living jewels of the tropic forests—the woman who, watching the lovely flight of the sea-gulls, longs for their dead wings—who, at a "hunting" wedding, trims her gown with robin redbreasts—who, seeing the exquisite delicacy of curve and structure in the "egret" of fashion, *will* have it on bonnet or hat, regardless of the fact, known to every woman who can read, that it is furnished only by a mother-bird in the time of mother-cares, and that every plume means misery and death to helpless birdlings.

O for more power of imagination, and a more sympathetic and instructed sense of beauty and of fitness. That *women* should, in this connection, be the chief offenders is an anomalous horror. How different—how, by comparison, lovely and to be desired, is the example—is the influence—of which Wordsworth sings:—

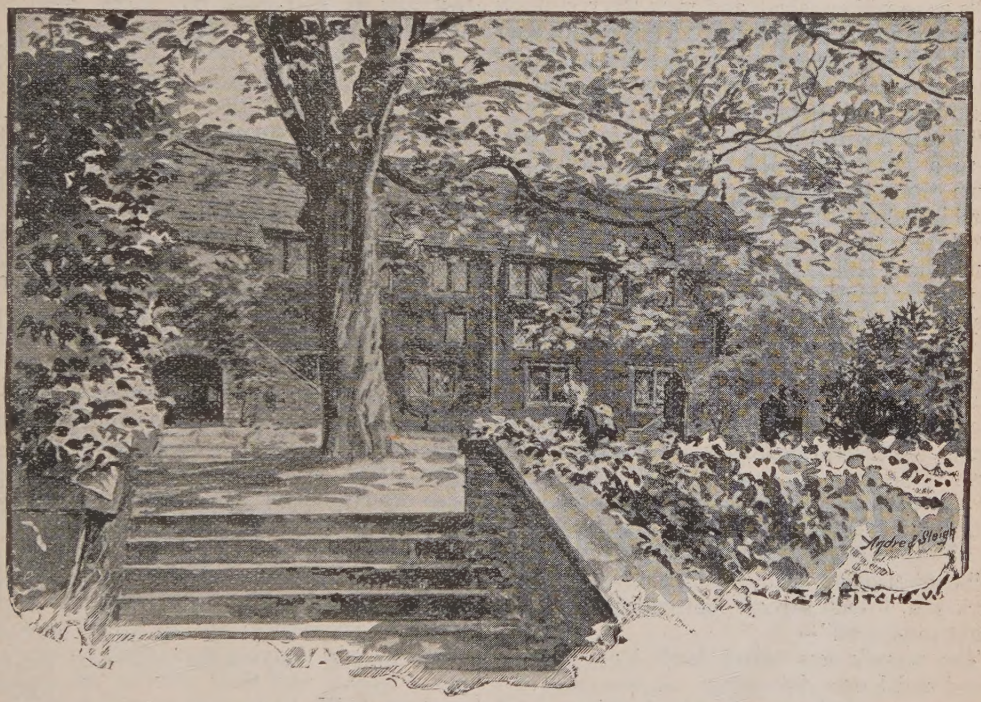
"A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings."

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy."

Not in vain did this beloved sister bear the name Dorothy—God's gift. Would that all of womenkind would feel that they are called to gentleness and blessing, and care for the beauty and the happiness of the world!

EDITH GITTINS.

OUR ANCIENT CHAPELS.



Brook Street Chapel, Knutsford.

(OPENED 1688.)

"The chapel was up a narrow street, or rather *cul-de-sac* close by. It stood on the outskirts of the town, almost in fields. It was built about the time of Matthew and Philip Henry, when the Dissenters were afraid of attracting attention or observation, and hid their places of worship in obscure and out-of-the-way parts of the towns in which they were built. Accordingly it often happened, as in the present case, that the buildings immediately surrounding, as well as the chapels themselves, looked as if they carried you back to a period a hundred and fifty years ago."

"The chapel had a picturesque and old-world look, for, luckily, the congregation had been too poor to re-build it, or new-face it in George the Third's time. The staircases which led to the galleries were outside, at each end of the building, and the irregular roof and worn stone steps looked grey and stained by time and weather. The grassy hillocks, each with a little upright headstone, were shaded by a grand old wych-elm. A lilac-bush or two, a white rose tree, and a few laburnums, all old and gnarled enough, were planted round the chapel yard; and the casement windows of the chapel were made of heavy-leaded, diamond-shaped panes, almost covered with ivy, producing a green gloom, not without its solemnity, within. This ivy was the home of an infinite number of little birds, which twittered and warbled till it might have been thought that they were emulous of the power of praise possessed by the human creatures within, with such earnest, long-drawn strains did this crowd of winged songsters rejoice and be glad in their beautiful gift of life."

"The interior of the building was plain and simple as plain and simple could be. When it was fitted up, oak timber was much cheaper

than it is now, so the woodwork was all of that description; but roughly hewed, for the early builders had not much wealth to spare. The walls were whitewashed, and were the recipients of the shadows of the beauty without; on their 'white plains' the tracery of the ivy might be seen, now still, now stirred, by the sudden flight of some little bird."

"The congregation consisted of here and there a farmer, with his labourers, who came down from the uplands beyond the town to worship where their fathers worshipped, and who loved the place because they knew how much those fathers had suffered for it, although they never troubled themselves with the reason why they left the Parish Church; and of a few shop-keepers, far more thoughtful and reasoning, who were Dissenters from conviction, unmixed with old ancestral association; and of one or two families of still higher worldly station."—*From Mrs. Gaskell's "Ruth," chap. xiv.*

The Selfishness of Ill-Health.

"Unselfishness is a game that two *ought*,—mark you, I don't say *can*, but *ought*,—that two ought to play at."

The remark was called forth by a case my friend and I were discussing. It was that of a young man who for several years had been in ill-health. An acute disease had left him an invalid, not altogether hopeless or incurable, but still confined to his room, and with no immediate prospect of being able to leave it. Though it was a sad case,—for his hopes of a useful life were blighted,—it was not without its alleviations. Two sisters devoted themselves to him. They gave up all the pleasures of society for his sake. They lived only to anticipate his wishes. Morning, noon, and night saw them devising schemes for his amusement or labouring to add to his comfort. No sacrifice was too great for them to make. And the result, instead of being beneficial, was, as far as he was concerned, the reverse; for, from being a meek, patient sufferer, he was transformed into an unconscious tyrant.

"Poor Frank fancies the light hurts his eyes," said one sister, as she drew down the blinds, and prepared to sit in semi-darkness. "The click of knitting-needles irritates Frank's nerves," said the other, as she laid her work aside. "Frank feels that everything bright and cheerful is mocking him," they chimed in concert; "and therefore we deny ourselves for his sake. Self-denial is a duty, you know."

It was this that called forth my friend's remark. Frank did not dream he was selfish. He never realised that any self-sacrifice was required of him: he received his sisters' attentions as his right, and plumed himself on being a martyr. It was his part to receive, theirs to give; and the result was that his misery and despondency, not to speak of his demands, increased day by day.

It is no unusual case. There is more of this unconscious selfishness in the world than appears at the first glance, and more of it, perhaps, in our own hearts than we think.

How many of us who are familiar with pain and weakness and languor can say truly that we have never exacted more attention from our friends than we need have done; that we have been always patient and considerate, willing to see and thankful to receive every little kind deed bestowed on us? I fear there are few. We are apt to take all as our right, as the proper tribute paid to our weakness and ill-health. We seldom try to realise how much others may be denying themselves for our sakes, nor at what a cost their services are sometimes rendered. We become like spoiled children,—the more we get, the more we demand, and our wants, instead of diminishing, multiply day by day.

And, then, how many of us have a conscience void of offence in the matter of peevishness and irritability? What a deal of extra trouble do we unhesitatingly give in this matter! We are not quite so well to-day as yesterday, and therefore every one must feel the effects of it. We must not suffer and no one know it. And how apt are we to grumble at trifles! The opening or closing of a door, the rustle of a paper, the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the condition of the fire, the placing of a chair, each is made a source of trouble to ourselves and of worry to our friends.

Have you ever observed how much more patient the sick are in a hospital than they are at home, how submissive they become, how grateful they are for all that is done for them?

At home they question and find fault and tyrannise over their friends; but they never do so with strangers. Peevishness seems to vanish when they leave the family circle: they grow quiescent and contented. Why should this be? Why should we treat those near and dear to us with less consideration than we do strangers? Why should we lay on them burdens which we would never ask outsiders to bear and demand sacrifices which are as unnecessary as they are selfish?

"I never sing now because my sister doesn't like it," said a sweet little maid: "she's so sensitive, you know, and has had so much sorrow, that I feel it would be cruel to do anything she doesn't like, so I've given up singing."

Very right and kind of the little maid, but not so right of the sister who accepted the sacrifice.

There are sacrifices which we have no right to accept, even when they are offered voluntarily. "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well at Bethlehem, that is at the gate." Yet, when the brave men burst through the hosts of the Philistines, and brought back the water, David would not drink it. Why? Because it had cost too much. They had risked their lives to get it. "Shall I drink the blood of these men who have put their lives in jeopardy?"

I think there is a lesson for an invalid in this. Some things that are offered to you cost too much. If they are the price of another's health or another's happiness or another's usefulness, they cost too much. Refuse to accept them: Rather bear your burden alone. And does it strike you how much you may be the poorer by accepting these sacrifices?" You may get what you long for, it is true; but even in the getting of it you will find it has lost its sweetness. One of a family who was deaf said, "Don't speak so much to each other: it irritates me to know you are speaking when I cannot hear what you say." And so, out of sympathy with the afflicted one, lips were closed and smiles checked, and silence reigned. She got her wish, but the shadow that rested on the family circle was more depressing to her than the sight of gaiety which she could not join. Better to witness joy that you cannot take part in than to see no joy at all.

Oh, the shadows that even the best and the brightest and the most hopeful among us cast, shadows often thrown unconsciously,—the shadow caused by a look, a frown, a petulant tone! We don't mean it, perhaps; but the result is the same as if we did: the cheerful are depressed by it, the hopeful cast down. Instead of gladness in our dwelling there is gloom. And what can be said of those miserable people who would banish every pleasure which they cannot enjoy, and fain lay the burden of their own pain and weakness on every one beside them? They have their reward; the burden comes back doubly weighted to their own shoulders, and stays there.

What a blessing it would be, not only to the weak, the suffering, the invalid, but to the whole of the little world in which they are placed, if they would but take to heart some such counsel as this!—

Do not foster and pet and magnify your complaints: they will only take deeper root by such treatment. And do not let your self-sacrificing friends make too much of you. Take your own proper part in the game of unselfishness, try to find out by experience the blessedness of consideration for others, and instead of always receiving benefits try to give.

What can *you* give, you will say, as you hold up your thin, nerveless fingers,—what can *you* do for any one? Give love instead of always claiming it, give joy instead of trying to take it away, keep back the murmur that will cause pain to your friends, cultivate a gentle, resigned, patient spirit, fill your sick-chamber with the light that comes from inward peace. "He who imparts light to another," as Dr. Trench says, "has not less light, but walks henceforth in the light of two torches instead of one." And it is the same with happiness: strive to make those beside you happy, and you will find how greatly your own happiness is increased.—A. K. Forbes, in the *Sunday Magazine.*

The Christian graces are not plants that bloom only on the soil of orthodoxy. They flourish, with a wonderful disdain of ecclesiastical restrictions, on the unhallowed domain of heresy; nay, sometimes are found blossoming with strange luxuriance on the outlying wastes of heathendom.

The Choir Invisible.

There is a choir of invisible actions—choices, duties, and surrenders, each one of these apparently of meagre voice—which in its coherent unity makes an undying music in the world and in the individual life. But this is not the only choir invisible I wish to celebrate. Emerson has written wisely of the uses of great men, and Carlyle has set forth the doctrine of hero-worship with lofty eloquence. Such things are right and good. We cannot prize our heroes and our men of mark too much. I yield to no one in my admiration of great personalities. To read and write about them has been one of the rarest pleasures of my life. And yet I am obliged to recognise that we habitually exaggerate the part they play on life's great stage. Read the biography of any great man, and his biography appears to be the history of his time. All the great movements seem to originate with him, and to be carried on by him from stage to stage. Let the biography, for example, be that of Palmerton. Then turn to the biography of Lord J. Russell, a contemporary giant in those days, and you get the same impression. They cannot both be true. Neither of them is true. Each of these powerful men had great allies, and many of the most meagre reputation, and thousands who have no memorial, and who yet were honourable men, and contributed their several parts into the treasury of the common good. There is no greater blunder than the idea that you can read the history of a great people by reading the biographies of its greatest men. Even if you read all the biographies and corrected the exaggerations of each separate one by the exaggerations of the rest, you would still be far enough from a sound, general conception.

"Was there anybody else but you?" inquired the little boy, who was listening, awe-struck, to the story of his father's prowess in the Civil War. Was there anybody else but Grant or Lincoln in those times that tried men's souls? Oh, yes, thousands and millions. Grant did not fight his battles all alone, as the great captains sometimes actually did in former times. He fought them with all the accumulated strength of all his officers and men, and those who kept them in the field, and the brave women who had, as Nansen said of his sweet wife, "the courage to let them go." If Dumas had written his "Vicomte de Bragelonne" as a satire upon the ordinary conceptions of history, it could hardly have been a better one than it is now. You who have read those ten somewhat doubtful, but certainly delightful, volumes know that the history of Europe was carried on almost entirely for some half-a-century by the three guardsmen who were the heroes of the tale. It is too much so with our histories in general. They are hardly less misleading than the biographies, so much do they exaggerate the influence and control of individual men. Tolstoï goes to the opposite extreme, and insists that you might eliminate Napoleon, and not affect the course of European history to an appreciable degree. That is absurd, of course; but it is hardly more absurd than the exaggeration of the kings and captains in the average history.

Sometimes it seems the merest accident that this one, and not that, is selected for the applauses of many generations. For the majority of people, Darwin stands out alone, a high priest of science, after the order of Melchizedek, without father or mother. For a few, he and Wallace are like those double stars, of which the astronomers have discovered so many, revolving about a common centre of gravity. But anyone who has read any good history of the doctrine of evolution knows how many laboured before these, how gradual the development of the doctrine, what a multitudinous choir, invisible to any ordinary gaze, has made the mighty music swell. It is a foolish business to eliminate from greatness of the individual all that is proper to his time, the fact being that his greatness consists very largely in his taking up into himself that which is proper to his time. You could not have a Columbus except in an age of discovery, nor a Shakespeare except in an age of dramatic poetry, nor a Watts or Morse or Edison except in an age of invention.

Back of every successful discovery or invention you will find, if you look close enough, a host of failures, as we call them, but failures that were approximations to the ultimate success, without which approximations success would never have been possible. And Good things come not unheralded, or, if they do, they do not come to stay.

So do not the books and social theories and philosophical systems which make the most

contemporary noise. How many of the books that last are gradual discoveries? Jane Austen's novels on their first appearance did not sell like "Trilby" and "The Christian," but how safely they go sailing down the stream of time, and how soon the others will have had their day, and cease to be! The greater the bluster over a new book, the more premature, generally, is its decease. Is not Kidd's "Social Evolution" already quite extinct, and who will be looking backward to Mr. Bellamy's celebrated —— Socialistic fantasy when the twentieth century arrives?

I would not push this thought too far. Scott made an immediate *furore*; and I imagine he will last when Dickens, or even Thackeray, is a fading light. On the other hand, it may well be that books of our own time, of which we make no particular account, will some day exclaim, like the humorist's islanders of San Salvador on the arrival of Columbus, "We are discovered at last," and enjoy a long and happy fame.

But I would come a little nearer home. For it is not only in association with the great and famous ones, that you find the members of the choir invisible, rank behind rank. But the choir invisible is a choir thousands and millions strong; and, consequently, there are those who are members of it everywhere,—unknown, and yet, thank God, well-known to some of us. Here it is, perhaps, a brother or a sister working hard, and practising much self-denial, in order that a brother or a sister may have the coveted opportunity to go to school or college, to study music or some other art. Here, again, it is some man who might, if he would swerve a little, only just a little, from the straight path of rectitude, get some position or emolument which he very much desired; but he will not swerve. Here it is some noble boy, who, set about with great temptations, thinks of his father's stake on him, his mother's prayer for him, and keeps his conscience clear.

But why this specialization? The choir invisible! Who are the members of it, if not all those who are in any quiet, simple way doing the day's work, whatever it may be, as well as they know how; who are trying to make life pleasanter and happier for those to whom their lives are naturally bound; who, where they see a wrong or lie, are quick to strike it down; who, where they see a right thing to be done or a true word to be spoken, say, "Here am I, take me?"

In this choir invisible there are millions and millions of the immortal dead, some of whom were very near and dear to us when they were with us here, and now who shed, from their new home, infinite tenderness and peace upon our hearts. But we need not, must not, wait until death seals us for its own to seek admission to this glorious choir. Only those who belong to it here and now can ever hope to belong to it when they are dead and gone. May we so live in our present state that we may live hereafter in the increasing beauty, joy, and goodness of the world, assured full well that

> So to live is heaven,
> To make undying music in the world,
> Breathing as beauteous order that controls
> With growing sway the growing life of man.
> This is life to come,
> Which martyred men have made more glorious
> For us who strive to follow. May we reach
> That purest heaven, be to other souls
> The cup of strength in some great agony,
> Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
> Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
> Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense.
> So shall we join the choir invisible
> Whose music is the gladness of the world.

All true action clears the springs of right feeling, and lets their waters rise and flow.

The Seed Sower;

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Anecdotes of John Bright.

One night at dinner (I may be indulged in saying that it was at my house), wrote Mr. Smalley in his delightful personal reminiscences of John Bright in the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Bright turned the conversation to Mr. Whittier. The ladies had gone to the drawing-room.

"Of course you read Whittier?"

"Yes, I have read him."

"But, I mean, read him often. Do you mean to say you don't know him by heart?"

"No, not much by heart."

"Not his best things? Don't you know 'Snow-bound,' can't you repeat it?"

And from the general admission from the four or five who were present that no one of them could repeat it, Mr. Bright's eye kindled; he got up, walked to the fireplace, put his back against the chimney-piece, and declaimed the whole poem. I can see him as he stood therewith the glow about him and the deeper glow within him; his voice subdued to the size of the room, but not less deep, rich, melodious and true, than if rolling out to thousands; his gestures, not frequent, but decisive and sometimes dramatic. Mr. Whittier never heard his own poetry so recited. I thought I would tell him of the scene. I never did, but I hope somebody will tell him now. When Mr. Bright had finished we went upstairs. He carried Whittier with him, and talked of him to the ladies as he talked to us, not, as I said before, critically, but with deep feeling and real apprehension of what is best in him. Nor did it end there. Mrs. Proctor, the delightful young lady of eighty, as Mr. Lowell called her, was there; alert, fresh, energetic, keen-witted, as she always was. I think Whittier was new to her, not familiar, at any rate. She listened intently. When the company broke up she drove Mr. Bright home—gave him a lift is the phrase here. I saw her again not long after, and she told me that he repeated Whittier to her in the carriage all the way to Piccadilly; and when they had arrived, kept it standing a minute or two in front of his door while he finished what he had in hand.

"I once saw Mr. Bright weep," said the secretary of the Rochdale Limited Liability Company, of which Mr. Bright was senior director. "I remember one day a little boy got killed in one of our mill-rooms and the news was taken into the central office just at the moment he was entering. Mr. Bright went to the scene of the accident, and when he saw the corpse he wept like a child. Ah, sir, and there wasn't any of us who were not inclined to follow his example. It brought my heart into my mouth when I saw him crying, and I had to steal away around the corner to use my handkerchief, or I should have broken down as well. Well, he sent for the poor lad's mother and told her that anything he could do for her he would gladly do. And I know he kept his word, sir."

Miss F. P. Cobbe, in a letter to the *Spectator*, tells the following story of Mr. Bright's tenderness of heart. He used to visit while at Llandudno, a poor woman who was paralyzed, and whose husband had to be away at work all day. "She had but one comforter," says Miss Cobbe, "a fine collie, singularly affectionate and devoted to her, and of which she was very fond. The dog lay at her feet or beside her bed all day long, and when he took a scamper outside, returned to lick her poor useless hands and make every demonstration of affection. Mr. Bright went, it seems, year after year to see this poor Welsh woman and talk to her (I doubt not bringing her such little comforts as she could enjoy), and finally took great interest in her and her dog, whose devotion to his poor mistress struck him as beautiful. At last a summer came in which, going as usual to the cottage after his arrival at Llandudno, Mr. Bright found the woman still in her bed, but he looked round in vain for the dog to whose joyful greeting he was accustomed. At this point of his little story, Mr. Bright's voice failed him. I asked,—'What had become of the poor beast?' Mr. Bright did not answer for a moment, and then said, in a voice I shall not soon forget—'The woman's husband had *hanged* her dog.' Neither of us, I think, spoke much again till we rose from the table."

The Value of a Day.

Every day has its dawn,
Its soft and silent eve,
Its noontide hours of bliss or bale;
Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face
As beautiful as near;
Because it has so small a face
We will not see it clear.

We will not clasp it as it flies,
And kiss its lips and brow;
We will not bathe our wearied souls
In its delicious now.

And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we would give our lives for it,
It never comes again.

Yet every day has its dawn,
Its noontide and its eve:
Live while we live, giving God thanks;
He will not let us grieve.

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

The times are great!
What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when *he* mounts on guard
—*George Eliot.*

Seed Corn.

The purest gold is oftenest in the crucible.

What is the kingdom of God? A rule of love, of truth, of service.

"*Until he find it.*" In those words of the parable we have the pertinacity of God.

The last thing a strong nature yields is the religion in which it has been educated.

On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind.

Many a man had proved wise, if he had not so thought himself.

They must here live to God's glory that would hereafter live in God's glory.

Holiness is something nobler than innocence. A garden *simply* without weeds is not a very attractive place. It must be filled with flowers and fruits. That is holiness.

The essence of religion is something more Catholic than its creeds. It is in a certain climate and atmosphere of the heart.

Nothing is so inexorable as love. Love loves unto purity, and will love it even at price of much pain.

Is it not a great fact that the devotion of God to his creatures is perfect? That he does not think about himself but about them?

The love that enlarges not its borders, that is not ever spreading and including and dispensing, will contract, shrivel, and die.

No man ever loved his child aright who did not love him for his humanity, for his divinity, to the utter forgetting of his origin from himself.

A man who loves God, and is not yet pure, courts the burning of God. Fire is the active form of purity.

Will the Unchangeable ever cease to forgive? No, for then he would become the Changeable.

Each one of us is a thought and a word of God's. By each one of us God is saying something to all the rest—revealing to others something of himself.

No revelation can be other than partial. But the partial need not be the untrue.

A condition which of declension would indicate a devil, may of growth indicate a saint. It is all the difference whether on the middle rung of the ladder we are going up or down.

They are blessed to whom romance of heart is not necessarily a folly. They are cursed who have lost all possibility of romantic feeling.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odour, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their mission.

One reason why the world is not reformed is because everybody would have others make the beginning, and thinks not of himself.

If two angels were sent down from heaven, one to sit upon a throne and the other to sweep the streets, it would not matter to the angels which was the Sovereign and which the Scavenger; but *how* each performed his duties *would* matter.

No age in human story was ever so well worth studying as the present. The vista of the bygone years was never so long as it is to-day. Time never carried such a burden of events on his shoulder; history never held in her bosom so many mysteries unsolved, so many explanations not yet given, so many germs for future flowering. God has never had so much in hand on the earth as to-day. He has never been more clearly speaking nor more manifestly working than now. Men have never been so busy. Never have so many questions been stirring and moving men's minds. The times are great.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Sheep and the Goat.

Not all the streets that London builds
Can hide the sky and sun,
Shut out the winds from o'er the fields,
Or hide the scent the hay-swath yields,
All night, when work is done.

And here and there an open spot
Lies bare to light and dark;
Where grass receives the wanderer hot,
Where trees are growing, houses not;—
One is the Regent's Park.

Soft creatures, with ungentle guides,
God's sheep from hill and plain,
Are gathered here in living tides,
Lie panting on their woolly sides,
Or crop the grass amain.

And from the lane and court and den,
In ragged skirts and coats,
Come hither tiny sons of men,
Wild things, untaught of book or pen,
The little human goats.

One hot and cloudless summer day,
A poor o'er-driven sheep
Had come a long and dusty way:
Throbbing with thirst the creature lay—
A panting, helpless heap.

But help is nearer than we know
For ills of every name:
Ragged enough to scare the crow,
But with a heart that pitied woe,
A quick-eyed urchin came.

His heart to him the medicine told:
He took his little cap,
His only cup for water cold;
He knew a little it would hold—
It had no holes, good hap!

And to the fountain fast he went,
And filled it high and deep.
Before he came the half was spent;
But half was left—like element—
To save God's thirsty sheep.

O little goat, born, bred in ill,
Unfed, unwashed, unshorn!
Thou meet'st the sheep from breezy hill,
Apostle of thy Saviour's will,
In London wastes forlorn.

And let men say the thing they please,
My faith, though very dim,
Thinks He will please who always sees,
In doing it to one of these,
Thou didst it unto Him.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

My Shadow.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

R. L. STEVENSON.

Jingle and Jangle.

Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;
And Jingle rings sweet, with an accent that tells
Of lightsomeness, promise and May:
Sunshine and sugar and honey and bees,
Rainbows and butterflies' wings,
Bird-songs and brook-songs and wide-spreading trees,—
Of *joy* little Jingle-bell sings!

Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;
And Jangle rings harsh, with an accent that tells
Of darkness, foreboding, dismay:
Storm-cloud and vinegar, wormwood and gall,
Toads' tongues and poisonous things,
Owlets and ravens, and dreams that appal,
Of *woe* little Jangle-bell rings!

Yes, Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;
And the one that you listen to strangely compels
Behaviour, that's sure to betray.
So listen to Jingle, and be a good boy:
To Jangle, oh, never give ear;
And your days will be merry and bubble with joy,
While sadness will never come near.

—WILLIAM S. LORD IN *St. Nicholas*.